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and to the Betterment of
Outdoor Recreation in Virginia**

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Letter to My Grandson

By BILL ANDERSON
Grundy

DEAR Grandson,

I am writing you this letter because I may never see you—you are yet unborn. Your father is only a child now. But I want to tell you of the things I have enjoyed and what we are leaving for you and your contemporaries.

When my forefathers lived in this country it was beautiful and relatively unblemished. But it was a land of plenty and a land of opportunity. So more people came, eager to take advantage of this plenty and opportunity—and the land suffered.

These people wanted a better life. They were industrious, ambitious, hard working individuals. They developed technology, industry and a civilization such as this world has never known. And they created a great nation.

But in our building of this great nation, in our quest for technology and an easier way of life we have taken all from the land and have given back little. We eroded the land, polluted the air and water, cut down our great forests, and built sprawling cities and factories over the once green earth.

Even today, as I write, we enjoy beautiful parks, woodland, seashores and mountains, however overcrowded they may be. I enjoy hunting and fishing as my father never knew it. But this may be short lived. New factories, highways, jetports and housing developments are eating away miles of green countryside daily.

So, what are we leaving for you? We are leaving scientific knowledge that put men on the moon, that helped cure diseases, letting people live longer than ever before. You will be able to travel farther, faster than any generation before you. You will have everything that man has strived for over the centuries.

But you will have more. For in our haste to achieve the highest standard of living on earth we lost some of our values. We leave to you lakes and rivers filled with silt and waste, water that you will never swim or fish in.

We are increasing our populations until we will leave for you so much concrete and asphalt that you may never walk on the bare earth or hear a bird sing. Your world may be totally artificial, a world that man may not be able to—or want to—survive in.

You may ask why we left such an environment for you. Why, with all our knowledge, we did not leave a better world for you. I'm not sure that I know. Probably there is no one answer; I can only speculate. Perhaps, in our headlong race for more profits, to live better, or to further our gadget-filled, live-easy life, we let the really better things in life slip away. Or maybe enough of us didn't try—left it to, or put the blame on, the other guy. Maybe it got out of hand before we really tried (or did we really try?). Or maybe we just didn't really care.

I hope that in the year 1999 you read this letter and laugh, as you feel the bright sun, breathe the clean air and look out over a green world, sparkling with pure, fresh water. I pray that your generation may accomplish what we have not.

Your Grandad,
Bill A.

LETTERS

Friendly Grouse

ALONG about the closing of grouse season of this year I kept seeing a grouse flying across my lawn from time to time. I have deep woods surrounding my house on all sides. A short time later I saw a grouse in my front yard, eating acorns.

It seemed to have no fear of us, and eventually became quite tame. It will take no food except what it finds on its own, which seems to be acorns, buds, and an occasional flower or honeysuckle leaf.

I would like to see the enclosed picture published in *Virginia Wildlife*, for the benefit of those who would disbelieve, especially old grouse hunters like me.

Otto P. Beverly
Hartwood



Lost Dogs

EACH year the Richmond SPCA receives a number of valuable hunting dogs that are brought to the Ellen Glasgow Memorial Shelter, 1600 Chamberlayne Avenue.

When they're brought to the shelter, the SPCA conducts a diligent search for the owner, sometimes with success, sometimes without. Success occurs quickly if the dog has a license, an identification tag, a rabies tag, or a tattoo.

Knowing the value of a well trained dog, and desire of the owners to have them returned, may I suggest that the owner take this action:

1. Have the dog inoculated against rabies and purchase a license.
2. Have his dog tattooed. The Richmond SPCA is the office of record for all the SPCA's in Virginia.
3. Call or write the Richmond SPCA and request an identification tag. These tags are numbered serially. On the reverse side is a message that states: "I'm Lost. Call the Richmond SPCA. Phone 643-6785." Accompanying the tag is a personal information card. The owner fills out the card and returns it to the RSPCA. There it is placed on file. If someone finds a dog or any animal wearing an SPCA identification tag, the finder calls the SPCA, gives the serial number, we check the file, identify the dog and the owner, call the owner and put him in touch with the finder.

The system really works and we restore many lost pets to their owners.

If you love your dog, value him, and respect him for his accomplishments and intellect, prove it by licensing him and identifying him so that he can be returned to you if lost.

Joseph Hilpert
Executive Director
Richmond SPCA

BUGGY OVER WHITE BASS

By BILL COCHRAN
Roanoke



Mayflies by the millions hang in thick clusters along the shoreline of Claytor Lake.



Oral Jones whacks swarms of mayflies off the foliage while D. C. Crockett handles the boat.

JULY never was known as the best fishing month, what with dog days and summer doldrums, but it produces some of the most unusual white bass angling in the country at Claytor Lake. The action is an odd and exciting combination of fly fishing, surface fishing and pan fishing. Strangely enough, only a handful of people are even aware of it.

It occurs this way: From late June through the entire month of July, billions of mayflies hatch in the upper portion of the 4,500 acre lake, a deep, cool, tranquil impoundment nestled in the mountains of western Virginia. During this hatching process, great numbers of spunky white bass are attracted into a relatively small area to gorge on the protein-rich insects.

Fishermen casting small popping bus amid the feeding white bass often can catch heavy strings of these clean cut, silvery-tinged scrappers. An interesting percentage weigh from one to two pounds each.

My angling partner Bob Cromer and I got in on the fishing one mid-July day three years ago when we met two fellows who helped develop it, D. C. Crockett and Oral Jones, both from nearby Wytheville.

We launched two boats in the early afternoon not far from the village of Draper, just off Interstate 81, and proceeded a short distance up the tree-clothed shoreline. The foliage was black with millions of clinging mayflies. There were so many of them you had to see it to believe it.

"First, we'll make a bug run," Crockett said.

"A bug run?" I questioned.

"Just watch," he grinned.

He and Jones continued along the shoreline and while he handled the boat, Jones, a stoutly built man, began vigorously beating the foliage with a paddle. Great swarms of mayflies boiled up and blackened the

sky, some of them falling to the water, just what Crockett and Jones wanted them to do.

After whipping the foliage for about 75 yards, we began fishing, casting small popping bugs in the area where mayflies were scattered about on the surface. We soon were catching savage-striking, hard fighting white bass that bowed our fly rods in thrilling fight.

"Just cast out, leave the popper still for awhile, wiggle it, then leave it still again and you'll get a strike," Crockett told Bob and me. We did. Wham! We had fish on.

Bob's first was a good scrapper, causing him to let out a whoop of excitement that echoed across the ripply lake. Crockett grinned with approval. "I'm telling you," he said, "there isn't anything like it."

"Why not fish with fly patterns that imitate the mayflies?" Bob wanted to know.

"We've found popping bugs to produce best," Crockett explained. "We like to use yellow colored ones during the daytime. Black or white seem to do best in the evening, right at dark. Notice, we use the kind with the little rubber band legs on them. We've found them to out-fish the others."

This fishing is much like dry fly angling for trout, only you are after white bass, which out-fight stocked trout anyway. I personally use an 8½ foot fly rod with matching tapered line. Onto this, I tie 7½ feet of five pound leader.

Crockett told us that the mayfly hatch occurs about every ten days during July and lasts approximately 24 hours each time. These insects, in a nymph stage, swim to the surface where they emerge as winged creatures. They make a short flight, following the prevailing wind, landing on the protective foliage along the shoreline. Here they cling in great clusters during the day,



Jones unhooks a medium-sized white bass that took a yellow popper cast among the fallen mayflies.

then in the evening they make a mating flight which results in the female depositing her eggs in the water.

The white bass appear to hit the mayflies in all stages of their hatching process. Sometimes they'll be striking the nymph about to emerge from the water; other times they'll hit the spent adult fly kicking its last

on the surface. "You cut open one of these fish and they are stuffed full of mayflies," Crockett said.

That's the secret to catching the white bass on popping bugs—being at the lake when a mayfly hatch is on. If the insects aren't there in heavy concentrations, you might as well be whipping the air with your fly rod. The tightly packed, fast moving schools of white bass will be elsewhere, and you'll have to go to entirely different techniques to catch them. No doubt this is why only a handful of fishermen are aware of the sport.

"See all these mayflies now," Crockett said, while the insects buzzed about our heads so thickly they appeared to almost take our breath. "Come back in a couple days and you won't see a single one."

Since that first trip, Bob and I have found the hatch to be rather erratic. We've been unable to accurately predict when the bugs will be out, so we've experienced some dry runs. Crockett and Jones often rely on friends living along the shoreline who keep a lookout for the mayfly hatches, a technique that is difficult to beat. When the flies are spotted and the two fishermen get the word, they drop what they are doing and head for the lake. "I'd rather catch those white bass than eat when I'm hungry," Crockett told us. "Ounce for ounce, they fight as good as any fish that swims."

Most of the bug fishing is in the upper portion of the impoundment, above Route 672 bridge. Unfortunately, boat launching facilities are scarce here. There is a pay ramp at the bridge, but it is steep and narrow, mak-

(Continued on page 22)

Here's what the white bass are after.



Jones battles a fish while Crockett casts for another one.



Three-Ring Spring Thing

By EILEEN LAMBERT

Luray

Photos by Darwin Lambert

IN our Blue Ridge hollow cardinals, chickadees and titmice begin tuning up their spring songs in February—occasionally even in January. Pileated woodpeckers drum and do their Woody Woodpecker bit. They come on like advance men of old-time circuses with exciting promises of the Big Show to come.

Wood frogs rush the season—often weeks ahead of the hylas, or spring peepers, sometimes billed as the true harbingers of spring. They usually come hopping out of the woods and old orchard the first week in March—splash in our Tadpool and warm up their odd duck-like quacking. From our windows we've counted over two hundred frogs on the surface of the little pool at one time—cavorting, quack-clucking, laying eggs. Watching this annual spring spectacle is to feel you're observing a primordial rite.

Last spring we saw other spectators on the Tadpool scene. A red-tailed hawk often perched in a nearby Milam apple tree or on a low maple limb and we saw it take several frogs. We also saw a Cooper's hawk and an immature red-tailed hawk catch frogs. When we heard the frog chorus stop suddenly—as if someone turned off a switch—we could see why.

There was a night show, too. The stars were a pair of barred owls and we were surprised to see one of them actually standing in the water, hunched over, tail raised, peering intently into the pool much as a cat waits at a mouse hole. They also perched in the Milam and took many meals from the water surface. Sometimes one would spin its head around so that it looked like it was on backwards. Twice we watched a raccoon feeling its way around the edge of the Tadpool.

This activity went on for several weeks—governed by the weather. It ceased for days when the temperature dropped then started again in warm spells.

The first hardy robins and bluebirds give a lift to our spirits about the time the wood frogs appear. Some years phoebes are the first of the migrant birds to come back. (We've found all of these birds within seven miles of here during Audubon Christmas bird counts, but they don't winter in our hollow.)

About this time we catch other teasing signs of spring—a dandelion bloom, tiny chickweed flowers, buds swollen on trees and shrubs. We hear and see a flock of fox sparrows scratching in the orchard. They sound like a herd of elephants—or at least some large



Lovely shadblow, in Shenandoah National Park.

animals stirring about. Very small pale violets begin blooming in the old pasture near our mailbox, which is more than a mile from our house and three hundred feet lower in elevation—a preview: they always bloom several days earlier there than in our clearing.

We hear the first spring peepers, and the annual spring show quickens pace. Trailing arbutus, blood-roots and hepaticas lead the big parade of blossoms on the forest floor—all hurrying to make the most of their moment in the sun—before the big top goes up. Wild ginger does its disappearing act—hiding its blossoms.

Crocus, daffodils and forsythia are apt to steal the show in our clearing. We're agog over the lively parade of returning colors and scintillating sounds, and we soon find we're so busy watching headline acts we're missing some good side shows. Hazelnuts bloom—tiny little reddish-purplish tendrilly things. The first mourning cloak butterflies come dancing in on tender breezes and take their bows. Pungent yellow spicebush and blushing maples are beautiful if you look closely. Luminous shadblows have a tendency to be almost ethereal when growing in the understory of a forest, although they put on a traffic stopping display where they're exposed to more sunlight and elbow room. Trilliums are a special delight. You can almost see them grow from dangling buds that quickly lengthen and unfold three white petals which get bigger and gradually turn a lovely deep pink.

You can hardly miss some of the headliners—the redbud-dogwood display. Some years one or the other reaches its peak of bloom first, but the years they reach their zenith simultaneously it is a real spectacular.

Now the rosy apple buds peek demurely and almost unnoticed in their thin curtain of new green before they burst full bloom to "ohs" and "ahs" and claim the attention of the first swallowtail butterflies and a host of buzzing bees and other insects. This is the time, too, to get into the act and hunt the delectable morels that are popping up. No "pea-nuts . . . cracker-jack . . . pop-corn . . ." circus fare, though. Morels are epicurean delights.

Side-shows abound. When morel hunting we've found yellow violets (a good clue where to hunt) and jack-in-the-pulpits. We've almost stepped on a roly-poly baby bunny, walked under an old apple tree—and then seen the six foot black snake sunning on a limb. Once we found a baby squirrel that mistook my husband for a tree—and climbed him! It squealed for help when the "tree" turned slowly around so I could photograph it.



Pair of pink lady's slippers (left), and pitch pine, male pollen "factories."



soft red velvet leaves unfold on small oak trees? Young maples have paired leaves of gleaming orange-red satin. New hickory leaves resemble praying hands. Even the ominous poison ivy has colorful, tender-looking burnt-orange leaves early in the season. Poke is poking up and it's delicious.

The show goes on. Eyes up and left and right to see the two bright blue indigo buntings song-dueling, and you also see that leaves out

on the growing tips of redbud trees are a lovely springy red while leaves closer to the trunk are green.

Attention is pulled this way and that. Gorgeous pink lady's-slippers are scene stealers, but experienced watchers of the springtime show will not miss the various violets or the red-winged maple seeds. Subtle splendors of a glowing foggy morning or a lacy spring snow change the scene and mood the way stage lighting does.

The big top goes up and eyes lift to gaily costumed aerial artists. While necks strain to catch teasing glimpses of scarlet tanagers, rose-breasted grosbeaks, indigo buntings or warblers flitting through the green-ing canopy a "broken-winged" bird flops away from almost underneath you. You can't see everything at once! The Tadpool turns bright green with algae bloom and is teeming with tadpoles who will eat it.

Air waves vibrate with spring sounds. Toads trill, bird songs lilt and soar above the rat-a-tat-tat of the downy woodpeckers and the big drum rolls of pileated woodpeckers. There's the muffled beat of a flicker enlarging a hole deep inside an old apple tree. The pianissimo and fortissimo of breeze and gale, tinkling rain-drops, roaring streams and the serene melody of a wood thrush at dusk play on our emotions like a band-master.

So much is going on at one time we know we must be missing half the show. We see big fuzzy fiddleheads of Christmas ferns and almost miss the delicate scrolls of unfurling maidenhair ferns. Eyes up—a parula warbler. Eyes down—a parade of British soldiers, red caps blazing. Grouse are drumming up business. Water snakes and a small snapping turtle appear in the Tadpool.

Razzle-dazzle. Small purple cone-like male pollen flowers appear on pine trees. And isn't it magic when

Many beautiful tree flowers are hidden in the heights and in leaves. The sycamore tree is one that puts on a special show for the sharp observer. When the tiny new leaves are unfolding, there are little green bud balls, red plush pom-pom flower balls and the old familiar seed balls—all at the same time on the same branch.

We almost missed our own azalea and mountain laurel show when we moved here. We were waiting and watching for them to bloom along our road by the creek. Then we happened to hike several hundred feet up the ridge across the creek (south facing slope) and discovered the azaleas had already bloomed and a young forest of laurel was in full glorious blossom. Now we know they always bloom earlier and lusher up there.

It's the same wonderful old show, but each spring we have fresh opportunity to see something we might have missed other years—something beautiful or interesting. This spring you might see a cecropia moth drying its wings after it emerges from its cocoon or a bird's nest full of fledglings that seem to be all open mouth and appetite. You might notice strange-looking squawroot pushing up through old leaves. Perhaps you'll discover a wild cherry tree blooming in front of a lovely waterfall where you halfway expect to find mermaids playing in the spray and a mysterious fairy garden under a dripping overhanging rock nearby. This might be the year you find your first purple-fringed orchis. You might even discover, as we have, a fellow watcher and participant, of the big spring show, a chipmunk, peering out from his grandstand seat in a hole in a tree or a spotted fawn curled up in a bed beside a fallen log.

(Left to right) Jack-in-the-pulpit, trillium (and a beer can), and morels, or "mir'cles" as the local folks often call them.



A Matter of Simple Arithmetic?

By JACK RANDOLPH

Spring Grove

FEW causes in our national history have fired the imaginations of millions. Ecology, once a working word used by a few professionals and small groups of concerned citizens, has become the buzz word, a battle cry of the era.

As a new recruit rushes into the conservation wars full of fire and vigor, he is brought to a screeching halt by the sheer magnitude and complexity of the problems he discovers. He feels like a small boy standing before a huge structure made of toy blocks. The structure is tottering, but which block does he move? Which one will solve the problem and which will bring the whole thing tumbling down?

Ecology, he discovers, is a huge word. It's a word so huge that it encompasses the interrelationship of all living things on earth. He learns it deals not only with air, water, people and wildlife but with everything. It includes all things natural and man-made that affect lives.

On the surface the ecological problems are so obvious and the solutions so apparently simple. If the air is polluted—clean it up. Dirty water? Then purify it. Endangered wildlife? Save it. But how?

We begin to learn the price of things by learning how complex our world really is. We discover that cleaner air has a price. In terms of the cost of living and exorbitantly high rates of unemployment this price may be too high. We must compromise. The more we look, the more we discover we must learn.

Young conservation warriors are learning other things, too. Many of the apparently simple solutions, particularly those dealing with wildlife management, have been tried before.

Of all the areas that have drawn the attention of newcomers to the ecological wars, the field of wildlife management is one of the least understood. Present wildlife management techniques have drawn fire from well meaning groups of people who never had the experience of attempting to manage wildlife populations nor have assumed any of the financial responsibility for the management of wildlife. Using little more than emotion to support their rationale they charge into our Twentieth Century problems with Eighteenth Century solutions. This is unfortunate because, while

they are busy reinventing the wheel, they could be doing something constructive.

America's wildlife has not been neglected. Nearly one hundred years before the first Earth Day sportsmen and conservationists were concerned over the future of our fish and wildlife. Their concern was so great that they had laws passed that taxed themselves to furnish funds to protect and propagate all wildlife. Today nearly every penny spent for wildlife protection is furnished by the hunters and fishermen.

Over the years these have been the funds that built game farms, paid game wardens' salaries, financed research and bought thousands of acres of lands that are used by sportsmen a few months and by the general public the rest of the year. Sportsmen's dollars have preserved forests and wetlands, protected species in short supply, and brought new species of fish and wildlife to our shores. Sportsmen are responsible for everything that has been done—right or wrong—because no one else cared to do anything.

Unquestionably we could have done a better job. People look towards the depletion of the buffalo herds and blame the hunter and one must wonder. Could those great herds, stretching further than the eye could see, have survived and peacefully coexisted with modern agriculture? Many were killed for sport and more for money. A great many were killed to deprive Indians of food during the Indian Wars, but the depletion of the buffalo herds is often erroneously laid at the sportsman's door.

When sportsmen assumed the stewardship of America's wildlife resources, the great flocks of passenger pigeons were disappearing. Market hunting took millions, but the loss of big timber throughout their range is said to have been the real cause of their passing. This was our first mistake. We started too late and knew too little.

The mere passage of a few laws that brought money into the coffers of fledgling fish and game commissions did not bring instant salvation. There were many mistakes. It didn't take long for wildlifers to learn that wildlife management wasn't a matter of simple arithmetic. Many of our early mistakes are curiously similar to many of the theories being advanced by those

"Of all the areas that have drawn the attention of newcomers to the ecological wars, the field of wildlife management is one of the least understood."

new to the battlefield.

For years the popular panacea for replacing vanishing wildlife was the stocking of game. Game farms flourished and some states did a big business in trapping and selling cottontail rabbits. The Game Departments made a big thing out of their stocking programs. Dignitaries released the first bunny in full view of the press. Sportsmen were happy, and happy sportsmen made happy politicians. Hunting failures in well stocked coverts were written off as just bad luck. After all, the coverts were stocked, weren't they?

It took some time, but finally game managers conceded that stocking of game already native to an area but currently in short supply was worse than useless. Game shortages, they learned, were only symptoms. The real reasons for game shortages were inadequacies in the habitat. If the habitat could support only so many birds, stocking introduced more mouths to feed, expedited starvation and promoted disease. In this case one plus one equalled zero. Simple arithmetic failed.

This problem also has a flip side, one that many new to environmental concern may recognize. We learned that game shortages could be alleviated by improving the quality of the habitat. If we wanted to manage an area for quail, we could have more quail by providing the food and cover quail require. We could do the same thing for deer and other species. It took a while, but we learned that there are firm limits to this practice.

Near the turn of the century our deer herds were in trouble. However, under strict protection and helped by vast amounts of desirable cover created by both lumbermen and the abandonment of farms, deer thrived. After a period there were so many deer that conservationists and sportsmen were slapping each other on the back. They had saved the deer.

While they were celebrating, the multiplying deer herds, still protected by short seasons and strict bucks-only laws, were eating themselves out of house and home. Crop damage reports began to come in, followed by the deaths of hundreds of thousands of deer to starvation and freezing. Several new lessons were learned.

It was learned that you can't effectively manage an exploding deer herd with laws designed to restore a

dwindling species. It was learned that the annual harvest must keep up with the available food and the reproductive powers of deer. Most of all, it was learned that it is not possible to stockpile game. Yet our critics tell us that hunting hurts game populations and we must take steps to preserve it. Simple arithmetic fails again.

In the early days there was a zealous movement to hang labels on things. A hawk was seen with a quail; ergo, all hawks are quail eaters. Over the years many species of wildlife were declared outlaws because they ate game we wanted to hunt. We reinforced our animosity towards these species with bounties. After all, every game animal killed was one lost, wasn't it? Just simple arithmetic.

As we began to learn a little more about wildlife, we slowly discovered that the hawk that ate the quail ate thousands of rodents for every quail he captured. By ridding the area of rodents, or at least keeping them under control, the hawk actually benefited quail by destroying a competitor and predator that preys on their nests. We learned that other bad guys were really more good than bad. Our labels were worthless, the bounty practice ridiculous, and again simple arithmetic failed us.

Critics of hunting have plastered the same labels on hunters. After all, every animal a hunter kills is one less, isn't it? Just simple arithmetic.

Like the hawk, the hunter also plays an important role. We are both the benefactors and the predators, actually substitute predators that have assumed the role of taking the harvestable surplus of game every year. We pay the bill and harvest the fruits, but our harvest is not severe.

No game species is in danger of extinction because of legal hunting. There are, of course, threats to wildlife. Mainly these are posed by the various forms of pollution, careless use of pesticides, and dwindling habitat. These are the real enemies of wildlife.

Wildlife management is a dynamic process that requires understanding. If you care for wildlife, learn the facts. Discover that it is not only possible but entirely correct to be both pro-wildlife and pro-hunter. Most of all be aware, wildlife management is not a matter of simple arithmetic.



Laurie Croft readies gear for a river float, an easy adventure in a world where sources of adventure are either disappearing or turning inward.



The scarlet breasts of Maury River sunfish belong fully to the johnboat fisherman. These scrappy little fish give fine sport on a fly rod or ultra-light spinning gear.



A riverbank is a peaceful place, particularly at dawn or dusk when the world is hushed. (Below) Jim Spurlock works a promising spot across from anchored johnboat.



Johnboat Thoughts On The Maury

By PETE ELKINS
Lexington

IT is no accident that boats have played an important role in world literature. When Captain Ahab followed his obsession after the white whale, he was aboard a boat. Huckleberry Finn escaped to maturity aboard a raft, the simplest of boats. Ulysses encountered Circe and the Cyclops while wandering about by boat. A voyage by water is, according to English professors, a symbol of rebirth, of redemption, and so on to academic infinitum.

A johnboat is also a simple boat, a bit more refined than Huck's boat, but an uncluttered craft nonetheless. Simplicity is a virtue in floating a river like the Maury in Rockbridge county. A johnboat trip on the Maury serves as an easy adventure in a world where sources of adventure are either disappearing or turning inward.

Even aboard aluminum johnboats, floating a river is a silent experience. The trip should be made, if practical and safe, without the aid of an outboard motor. The snarl of a gasoline engine destroys the harmony of a wild river. The Maury's, or any river's, wildlife seem to accept a drifting boat as a part of the normal environment. Usually shy wood ducks show no fear of a drifting boat as long as the passengers remain motionless. Other birds display the same unusual confidence in mankind. Turtles stare dully from logs, then plop into the water as the boat draws near. The dominant sounds are the dry scurry of squirrels and woodchucks along the bank, the chuckle of water over rocks, and the drip of a suspended paddleblade.

Even a companion's voice is different on the river. Gone now is the harsh or hurried voice of daily routine. In its place, almost a whisper, lest the river disapprove of the intrusion. There was a stone temple one afternoon a few years ago where the Asian sun disappeared in damp shadow, and the huddled soldiers within spoke only in whispers, fearful of strange gods. A river, too, can be like that, particularly at dusk when the world is hushed, waiting for something around the next bend.

There is much to do on a Maury float trip. Floating can be combined with fishing, photography, hunting, or active observation. For the fisherman, a float trip offers almost virgin waters, virtually unexplored and filled with fish that have seen few lures or fishermen. The Maury isn't the best fishing water in Virginia, but it's always kind to the persistent. Smallmouth bass are the dominant gamefish in the river. Four-pound bronzebacks are present, but not often taken. A few largemouth take lures intended for their smallmouth cousins. Quiet backwaters will sometimes surprise the angler with a thrashing chain pickerel. However, most of the float-

fisherman's action will come from the pugnacious red-breast sunfish and the rock bass, or "redeye."

Although the fishing usually keeps one occupied, float trips are most conducive to private thinking. Even time itself changes as the boat drifts along with the current. Time has many forms. For most people, time is the passage of mechanical limbs around a numbered circle. Yet, for a few, time is measured by nature. Man, through his sundials and electric wristwatches, has imposed a satisfying and artificial order upon the world. Nature has a clock that far exceeds the meticulous wonder of man's timepieces.

Nature's clock measures not in terms of minutes, but in terms of sunlight, air and water temperature. The hands of that clock are the robins of March that turn questing heads in search of earthworms in damp soil, the jasmine flaunting its yellow glory against a winter that remains too long, and the homely suckers lashing their way up a narrow tributary creek of the Maury to cast their eggs on April-warmed stream bed.

Compared to the numberless clocks of nature, our timepieces are paltry things indeed. A man's brief glance at the clock on the corner of Main and Nelson will tell him that he's late for an appointment, but there will be no mention of the fact that the chimney swifts have arrived for another year. Our clocks, like the rock-splintered end of a paddle, run down through negligence and mistreatment; however, for a modest price they can be replaced. The time of the robin, jasmine, and chimney swift remains constant, affected only by light and temperature.

Although living time is constant, it can be, as Hamlet complained, put "out of joint." The robin is a fragile timepiece. It, like a Bulova, is perhaps water-proof, self-winding, and even a little shock-proof. Unlike a Bulova, the robin must breathe the atmosphere; produce eggs to insure survival; find a suitable habitat, safe from other creatures who live by the same clock; and consume vast quantities of insects.

Pesticides control insects under certain conditions, but carelessly used pesticides may destroy all the life requirements of a robin, and eventually the robin itself. The awesome peregrine falcon, once common to the Virginia coastline, still swoops above a few watery marshes, but now its eggs are produced with defective shells, dooming this great bird of prey to possible extinction in our lifetimes. Much evidence points to pesticides as the probable cause. Not even the lofty-soaring osprey has escaped the malignant wrath of pesticides.

But thoughts of time, too, are soon left behind another winding bend as the johnboat relaxes in the current's grip. Bends are the magic of float trips. Each one is a gateway to another world, where limestone cliffs slant into dark-shadowed water. There should be a smallmouth waiting for a surface plug against the gray rock. The acknowledgement comes in a foaming splash and a pound-sized bronzeback throwing himself high above the water. No matter that the bass throws the plug and scampers back to his dark home. The fish, high and dark against the gray limestone, is now yours

to hold in your memory as long as rivers flow. A bend in a river belongs fully to the man in a johnboat.

Such possession of a river outweighs mere paper title locked securely within the courthouse. A paper title gives the owner possession of what a surveyor reports with his metal instruments. A bend in a river gives the johnboat voyager possession of all the water that he can reach with a long cast. To him alone belong the painted turtle that pushes a timid nose above the surface, the primordial scream of a pileated woodpecker, the scarlet breast of a just-caught sunfish, and the rage of crows quarreling among the pines.

Paper title is easily lost. A bad financial venture, taxes, bureaucracy, and a host of other man-made ills will suffice to divest one of this ephemeral title; while the johnboat title to a river bend can be lost only through collective stupidity.

Collective stupidity says that a river is worthless unless it can produce power or perform a task for the utility or convenience of man. Of this utility and convenience are all the waters that run rusty and thick with the mustard froth that speaks of paper title turned



Smallmouth bass provide splashing drama on an evening-shadowed float trip.

to financial gain.

But the Maury under the johnboat is still clear and clean. All too soon, the take-out site for the float trip draws near. Time for only one more cast, and then perhaps a few more. It's odd how fast man-time passes on a river like the Maury. As many men have observed, time is like a river, always moving, never still. One's life starts with a put-in point and ends with a take-out point. But that's too serious as a kingfisher flashes white in the evening light. Blue and white darting above the river are to be watched, not meditated upon. Besides, there is work to do now. Out comes the johnboat, dripping water across your shoulders as it is lifted reluctantly out of its element onto the cartop carrier bars.

One last look at the river, then into your car, and back into the everyday world. Daily routine, the last look at the river blackness told you, can be endured as long as johnboats wait for another float down a mysterious river. It's nice to think about new river bends during the car trip back into the land world.

THE Pyrolaceae, or wintergreen family, contains some plants which have no chlorophyll and are root parasites or saprophytes. Others have green leaves and are "self-supporting". This month I want to talk about two of the latter which actually have evergreen leaves, *Pyrola elliptica*, shinleaf, and *Chimaphila maculata*, spotted wintergreen or pipsissewa.

Wintergreen is a confusing term since it is used for several unrelated plants which stay green in winter. The name true wintergreen is usually given to *Gaultheria*, a tiny evergreen perennial with bright red berries belonging to the Ericaceae. However *Chimaphila* is also known as wintergreen. The scientific name itself means winter-loving, coming from the Greek words for winter (*cheima*) and to love (*philein*). I shall refer to *Chimaphila maculata*, the species illustrated here, as spotted pipsissewa or pipsissewa to avoid confusion. The word pipsissewa is probably a white man's corruption of the American Indian word *sipsissewa*.

The pipsissewas are small, slightly woody, evergreen plants with long underground stems and rather thick shining leaves more or less in whorls or scattered along the short, upright stems. The flowers, which are white or pink-tinted, five-parted and broadly cup-shaped, appear singly or in 1-8 blossomed clusters. Flower stalks reach a maximum height of about 12" and have capsule-like fruits which often last over winter in the dried form. The plants grow in dry, open, acid woods, often under or near pines and other conifers. They are in bloom from June through August. Spotted pipsissewa has leaves which are striped rather than spotted with white. These markings generally follow the locations of the principal veins. The leaves have a distinctive shape, widest in the stem half, tapering to a sharp point at the tip, with teeth at wide intervals along the margin. The flower is nearly an inch across, white and slightly fragrant. Several flowers hang face downwards at the end of their stalks which spread out from the tip of the stem. The species ranges from southern Ontario and New Hampshire to Michigan and Illinois and southwards to Georgia and Alabama.

The flowers of *Pyrola* bear some family resemblance to those of pipsissewa but whereas in the latter the style of the pistil is very short bearing a round stigma, in *Pyrola* the whole pistil is much longer and extends well outside the scope of the petals. The flowers of *Pyrola* also hang downwards but are arranged in a raceme, that is, in a long cluster up the stem. The leaves are grouped around the base of the stem, usually rounded and simple. The distinctions between many of the species of *Pyrola* are rather minor, based mostly on small differences in the shape of the leaves and arrangement of the flowers. *Pyrola elliptica* is one of the commonest species. As in pipsissewa the leaves persist through the winter. *Pyrola elliptica* is also found in dry, acid woods and its range extends right across Canada but only just comes south into our area. The plant is sometimes called wild lily-of-the-valley. This is another confusing name, also given to *Maianthemum*



PIPSISSEWA AND PYROLA

By ELIZABETH MURRAY
Charlottesville

Illustrated by Lucile Walton

but most commonly reserved for *Convallaria montana*. A better common name for *Pyrola elliptica* is shinleaf. I do not know of any other genus that shares this strange common name.

As far as I know, *Pyrola* has no culinary uses. Pipsissewa leaves are supposed to be refreshing when chewed, but I find them very bitter. The leaves of *Chimaphila umbellata*, Prince's Pine, are sometimes made into a kind of root beer, but it does not have the usual 'wintergreen' flavor of some Life-savers and other candies. This can be tasted by chewing *Gaultheria* leaves and also the twigs of black birch *Betula lenta*. Unfortunately this flavor has been ruined for me since it is irrevocably associated with the ointment used in my English childhood to rub on 'chilblains', unpleasant afflictions of the hands and feet from which American children seem to be mercifully free. In addition to being refreshing, the drink made from pipsissewa is also supposed to act as a diuretic and a tonic.

Pipsissewa can be transplanted if it is given a good shady spot and plenty of pine needles and other acid mulch. In spite of its creeping rhizomes, however, it always grows sparsely, never really making a dense mat of plants. *Pyrola* can also be transplanted given much the same treatment.

CONSERVATIONGRAM

Commission Activities and Late Wildlife News . . . At A Glance

RURAL RETREAT LAKE OPENED. Rural Retreat fishing lake, constructed by the Game

Commission in Wythe county, was opened to public angling in late April. A cooperative project with the Rural Retreat Lions Club, the 90 acre lake is located on a 225 acre site some 2½ miles south of Rural Retreat. The facility includes a modern 20-unit campground operated by the Lions Club, plus a marina and boat rental service. The lake was completed in 1969, but subsequent repairs delayed the opening and required draining the lake. Due to this delay, the fish in the lake are larger than usual having had four years to grow instead of the normal two-year period.

The lake was financed in part with Land and Water Conservation funds and Federal Aid to Appalachia funds. Local funds totalling \$13,200 were invested in the project, including a \$5,000 appropriation from the County Damage Stamp fund. It is constructed on farm land and has a few scattered patches of woodland along its shores, one of which contains the campground. It was stocked with the usual mixture of bass, bluegills and channel cats. A 12-inch minimum size limit is enforced on bass taken from the lake.

RASH OF BIG FISH REVISES RECORD BOOK. A rash of big fish this spring nearly caused the

Game Commission to rewrite its freshwater record book. The first giant was a 13 pound 5 ounce largemouth taken from Gaston Lake by Fletcher Bell of Richmond, April 5. It was soon overturned by a 14 pounder caught by Paul Cregar of Hopewell from the same body of water April 17. Meanwhile, Dr. Max Fineman of Lynchburg managed to land a 3 pound 14 ounce white bass from Smith Mountain Lake April 15, raising that record by a half pound. Then, on April 20, Carl Higginbotham of Goodview dragged a 33 pound 4 ounce striper from the waters below Kerr Dam to raise the top mark on freshwater stripers by over a pound.

APPLE MANOR TRACT OPENED FOR SPRING GOBBLER HUNT. The 1,953 acre Game Commission tract

in Fauquier county, recently christened the Apple Manor Wildlife Management Area, was opened for spring gobbler hunting. Most of the tract is in second growth woodland, but there are a limited number of turkeys on the area. The terrain is steep, rising to the very crest of the Blue Ridge. Access to the area is via Rt. 688, which connects with Rt. 17 south of Paris and with Rt. 55 at Markham.

GAME OFFICIALS RENEW 3600 ACRE HUNT AGREEMENT. Officials of the Commission of Game and

Inland Fisheries, along with representatives of West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company, signed a new cooperative agreement guaranteeing public hunting access to 3600 acres of land in Piedmont Virginia. Present for the discussion was Allan A. Hoffman, Game Commissioner from the Fifth Congressional District, Commission Game Division Chief R. H. Cross, William Ernst, Land Manager for WESTVACO, Norman Spell, Director of Public Relations for the company, and Joe Crockett from the firm's Lynchburg office.

Included in the new agreement are tracts in Powhatan, Pittsylvania, Amherst and Nelson counties. A tract in Spotsylvania county that was open under the previous agreement has been sold to another timber company. A 923-acre parcel in Pittsylvania county near Danville, known locally as the Covington tract, will be a new addition. The company also has some 46,000 acres of additional timberlands open to holders of company hunting permits.

Persons hunting on the tracts covered by the cooperative hunting agreement need only a hunting license. The Game Commission and the company plan to collaborate on a series of hunter maps for the four tracts which should be available by late summer.

EMPHASIS ON FARM POND MANAGEMENT RECOMMENDED. A newly formed advisory group has

recommended that the Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University expand its research and extension programs in farm pond management, and add to its staff a trained fish culturist. The recommendation was made by a subcommittee on fisheries headed by Doctor Allan A. Hoffman, Danville physician and member of the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries.

IN southern Virginia, where I live and work, I have had the good fortune to observe many interesting wildlife scenes.

Not long ago, one late fall afternoon, I sat on the edge of a field and watched five buck deer parade by, less than thirty yards from me. There were three eight-pointers, a six-pointer, and a four-pointer. All three of the eight-point bucks had exceptionally large sets of antlers and would have been top hunting trophies.

On several occasions I have seen flocks of twenty to thirty wild turkeys. Twice I have called flocks of five long-bearded mature gobblers within shotgun range during the hunting season.

Two summers in a row I watched a hen turkey bring her young brood into my pasture to feed on grasshoppers and other insects, a favorite diet of the young turkey during the summer months. An odd thing about this incident was that this old hen was a freak. She sported a six-inch beard—something normally worn by a mature gobbler.

Early one morning while duck hunting, I watched for an hour four otters playing on a frozen beaver pond. They rolled over one another again and again, reminding me of a family of kittens. After they had gone their way, a large mink made its way quietly through the dead grass along the edge of the pond. He—as I was, too—was hunting.

Perhaps the greatest spectacle of wildlife I have ever seen occurred in western Kentucky along the Ohio River. A flock of several thousand black and mallard ducks were so intent on feeding on wasted grain in a mechanically harvested corn field they hardly noticed as I drove almost into the middle of them, got out of the car, and watched them. About half of them were in the air at all times, flying five or six feet high, from one area of the field to another, and it seems



Author and son, Ed, with fine catch of channel catfish taken from a well managed farm pond.

Conservation Farming

By GARLAND
Technician, Soil Conservation
Charlotte, N.C.



Contour strip cropping not only reduces erosion and increases crop production but also increases infiltration of nearby water.

that all of them were "talking" in their own "quacky" language as they fed. Those who know how colorful these waterfowl are can imagine what a picture this made with the setting sun shining on their brilliant plumage.

Anyone who has seen any of these things, or who can imagine them, knows that wildlife is one of our most valuable natural resources.

Most of this country's wildlife lives on land used mainly for cultivated crops, livestock, and wood products. This means that farmers and other rural landowners are the key to abundant wildlife. Much of our fishing is also affected by the way farmers and other landowners manage their land.

Most wild things ask little of the property owner. To survive they need a place to hide and rest—the protection that biologists call cover. Wild creatures also need food to eat, preferably food that is close to cover, so they can get to safety quickly when in danger. They need water to drink or to live and feed in. All this is small payment for the benefits they provide.

A more abundant wildlife population is the result of applying soil and water conservation practices. Individual landowners get help from a local governmental

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tion, but also creates abundant "edge" for small game and prevents
ds and streams.

unit—the soil and water conservation district—which in turn is assisted by state and federal agencies, including the Soil Conservation Service (SCS) of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Wildlife habitat is permanent and inexpensive when it is part of a basic plan for soil and water conservation and sound land use. SCS assists farmers in the soil and water conservation districts with basic plans that may include wildlife habitat improvement. The decision regarding habitat improvement practices for the wildlife crop is left entirely to the landowner.

Wildlife conservation may call for planting strips of grasses and legumes. These reduce soil erosion and at the same time create much more "edge area" where wildlife can find food and cover close together.

Almost every farm has an odd corner or two not suitable for crop production. These areas can be utilized by sowing a mixture of seed for food and cover for wildlife. This practice requires very little time and expense. Each year the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries furnishes free seed for areas such as these. This is distributed to individual landowners, 4-H Clubs, and members of the Future Farmers of America by the local game wardens and SCS.



Author looks over excellent wildlife food patch in forest opening.

Keeping in permanent pasture and hay, land that is too steep and unsuitable for cultivation not only reduces soil erosion but provides a feeding area for wild game such as deer, turkeys, and rabbits.

A well constructed and managed farm pond supplies water for agricultural uses and furnishes many hours of recreation as well as a home for wildlife.

As overpopulation increases and land use becomes more intensive, planned production of wildlife will become more and more important in meeting the demand for this crop. Obviously, farmers and rural landowners deserve the respect of the hunter and fisherman.



Almost every farm has several odd areas, not suitable for cultivation, which can be utilized by sowing a mixture of seed to be used by wildlife for food and cover.

Steady to Wing and Shot

By LEN RUGGIERO
Graduate Fellow, VPI & SU



Commission Photo by Mosby

THERE was no doubt about his first class heritage as Dick Haynes and I watched him range ahead of us. He's the son of one-time National Field Trial Champion Bonanza, and all indications were that my job of training would be enjoyable. Tommy was showing the confidence I had been working so hard to instill in him as he independently sprinted over the rugged Montgomery County mountainside. As a New Jersey boy, I was used to doing my training in relatively flat country, and it was quite a task keeping up with the short-hair as he continued the search for ruffed grouse. The swath cut across the mountain in the name of electricity abruptly pitched downward as Tommy approached a medium-sized deadfall. One effortless leap put Tom on top of the old tree, as he began to travel directly across the obstruction. The expected jump to the ground never came! To our amazement and delight, balanced there on that narrow log was one of the most unusual and beautiful points I had ever seen. Having scarcely enough room for his three supporting legs, Tommy froze with his eyes intently upon a briar thicket just ahead and below him. As if standing on a mesmerizing precipice, Tommy's body became intensely rigid, and all movement stopped, except for his now shallow breathing.

"That's a whole lot of style standin' up there," Dick announced. "I don't believe I've ever seen anything quite like that."

"Yea, boy," I replied, "it looks like he's got the

makin's of a bird dog!"

I asked Dick to flush the bird as I reassuringly spoke to Tom, encouraging him to hold that fantastic point. Dick stomped through the dense cover, and Tom never attempted to alter his awkward configuration. The startling eruption of grouse wings never came! A full 30 feet ahead in the direction Tom was pointing, Dick came across a pocket within the thicket. The feathers he was quick to display were evidence that a grouse had stopped to preen himself in that spot not long before. The young dog had given us quite a thrill, but he had demonstrated his inexperience. Although it was an unproductive find, Tommy had substantiated the fact that he had one of the finest noses I'd ever seen on a bird dog.

Later that week on a small farm just outside of Blacksburg, Tom once again showed his stuff. Running parallel to a past productive cornfield, Tommy showed the range of his full choke nose, as he winded a covey of quail long before his brace mate, my own short-hair bitch. Tommy snapped into a point with his body still parallel to the rows of corn, and his head firmly locked 90 degrees to the right. His tail was straight up in the air and his front foot was high off the ground, as his eyes glared fixedly into the expanse of corn. This was another one of those points which causes goose bumps to play on your backbone, and since my bitch was in position with a good "back," I felt sure this find would produce birds. It was a difficult position for a trainer

to be in because, as I walked into the tall stalks to flush the birds, I lost sight of Tom. He was always naturally staunch on point, and I thought if I could hurry up and flush the birds I'd insure a perfect find. I counted ten rows as I hurriedly sought the covey, which all at once filled the air around me. While quickly heading back towards the dogs, I noticed that two low flying birds were headed directly towards them. I hoped the temptation to break wouldn't get the better of Tom, turning my well deserved praise into a stern reprimand. I blurted out a hasty, "Whoa Tom," as I made my way through the corn. I got to the edge of the corn in time to see Tom nearly twist his head off as he watched the birds fly across the open field to a nearby edge. The intense quivering wasn't interrupted as I fired my .32 caliber blank pistol. Tom held steady to my shot. I was lavish with my praise for both dogs as I still faced the task of asking Tommy to come around, that is, to go off in the opposite direction from that which his quarry had taken. My voice applied a liberal dose of convincing, but Tom came around, and we headed back towards the car. He was learning to handle, and he was indeed rapidly approaching the day when he'd be included among the ranks of the real bird dogs.

My connotation of bird dog might seem rather strict, but to those of us who include bird dogs in the category with our sweethearts and family, nothing less than perfect will do. Real bird dog people experience 75 percent of their hunting enjoyment in the "find," and the better the bird-work, the more fulfilling the experience.

Training a dog to perform the series of restraints and obey the commands associated with the "finished" bird dog is far from a simple matter. The route from puppy to bird dog is at best one which is characterized by often concealed dead ends. A good many pups are destined at birth to be unable to make the trip—every dog which belongs to one of the breeds which we loosely term "bird dogs" doesn't necessarily have what it takes.

When an individual acquires a pup which he has reason to believe could someday become a worthy companion afield, or a field trial competitor, he would be wise to consider professional training. I spent three years as an apprentice learning the profession of bird dog trainer, and very often during that time I was

saddened by the potentially good dogs which were ruined by novice trainers with good intentions but little knowledge and no experience. I anticipate most reactions to this to be something like, "What's the sense in having a hunting dog if I can't train it myself?" I can understand these sentiments since this is precisely how I felt when I set out to train my first dog. Believe me, it's bitin' off a big chew! However, for the person who is open minded enough to learn, honest enough to admit his limitations, and motivated enough to do the job right, there is a compromise.

Assuming that you don't have a dog at present and are thinking about buying one in the future, consider finding out who the professional trainers are in your area. More often than not the pros will be part-time breeders, or as is the case with some of the bigger operations, full time breeders. It would be a wise move to purchase your puppy from one of these trainers and come to the understanding that you would like his guidance in getting the dog "started." Look at it from the point of view that any good professional is just as concerned as you are that one of his puppies turns out to be a good quality bird dog. If you go afield sporting a cracker-jack dog from his kennel, you have insured his best interest with prime advertisement.

After you have gotten acquainted and taken counsel from the pro, you're well on your way. Don't lose your rapport with him, and when he says your dog is ready for serious training take yourself and your dog to his kennel for the work you both will need. In most cases you will be required to leave the dog with the trainer since they must get acquainted for him to be effective. Re-emphasize the fact that you want to take part in the learning process along with the dog. If you work with the trainer a half dozen or so times during the course of a month or two of training, you'll be surprised at how much you will learn. During this time your job will not include being a nuisance or training your dog yourself. You'll watch, listen, and learn.

You will find that some trainers will be reluctant to accept these terms because in this brief period the trainer cannot produce the finished product which he certainly will want to. If, however, you are diplomatic

(Continued on next page)

A litter of well bred German short-haired pointers. Choosing a puppy is a difficult task, and training him properly is no simple matter either.

Photo by Debra Ruggiero



and quick to point out that you will be much better equipped to handle your dog after this experience, he will probably accept. Don't forget, though, that this arrangement is facilitated by having purchased your pup from this man, and working under his guidance from the start.

There are many things to gain from this kind of compromise. This is not to say that you will be a competent trainer after a brief exposure to the professional, but at least you will develop the proper attitude. This in itself will insure that you start on the right path to a better job of training than you might have done otherwise. If the dog doesn't have what it takes, the trainer will be quick to point this out to you. Top bird dogs don't come easy and they're not very plentiful, so it's no embarrassment for the pro to tell you "like it is." This will save you time, money, and many months of empty expectations.

I started my first dog, a German-short-haired pointer named Dawn, in this way. For me it was the beginning of a three year stint as apprentice to Richard Farr of Colt's Neck, New Jersey. Dick is a top professional and, more importantly at this point, a close personal friend. As you can see, many and varied rewards can be had through a working relationship with a good professional. If you want a good dog, and you lack the necessary knowledge and experience to attempt the job yourself, this is the only compromise I recommend. I will mention that various fine books are available which treat the subject very well. These are well worth reading, but don't be fooled by the false sense of security you'll have when you've finished reading them. Every dog is an individual, and even the most gifted author cannot put all the subtleties of training into black and white.

This is not an instructional article, and as such will not deal with how to train a bird dog. However, I do wish to present the phases of training, and a general feeling for the intricacy of the subject.

The training of any dog should begin with "yard-training." Strictly speaking, this begins the first time you call your puppy. One of the most basic ingredients for training is control over the dog. If this hasn't been established in the yard sessions, a trainer will find himself doing a considerable amount of leg work once his dog becomes thoroughly intoxicated by bird scent. Control is not simply a corrective tool, but a preventative one. The best time to deal with a bad habit is before it becomes established. Yard training is not only the time to gain control; it also establishes confidence and a working relationship between the trainer and the dog. This is a period during which the two most important words in training should be wisely applied. Gentleness and firmness.

Two things must be submitted by the dog—his confidence and his respect. The former must be won by gentleness, and the latter by well timed firmness.

Before leaving the yard, the trainer has the oppor-

tunity to gain insight into the dog's personality. Individuality is a key word in good training, and this is the time to gather indications about the dog's learning capacity and idiosyncrasies.

As trainer and dog leave the yard and head for the field and serious bird work, one principle is still at hand and cannot be overemphasized. Dogs are individuals, and there is no such thing as a valid generality that applies to all dogs in a given training situation. It is precisely for this reason that the decision of what to do with a given set of circumstances becomes a job best suited to an experienced professional. Situations arise that aren't in the book, and it's these times when a trainer's worth depends on his experience and his feeling for the job at hand.

Steady to wing and shot is a phrase that gets directly to the core of the situation. For a dog to be considered "finished," he must, among other things, be steady to wing and shot. This translates into holding the initially established point until commanded to do otherwise. In simple terms, once a dog has located a bird he should establish the "staunch" configuration of a point. The bird will be flushed by the trainer, and a shot will be fired. Whether the bird is hit or not is immaterial—the dog should not have moved from the exact spot where he first established that point. In the case of a hit bird, the dog will await the command to retrieve. In the event the shot is missed, or fired from a blank gun, the dog will await the command to heel, and then will walk alongside his handler in a direction away from the bird.

It is difficult to understand fully the magnitude of this act unless one has an appreciation for the tremendous motivating desire which a good dog has for finding birds. One experiences a feeling, which is difficult to relate, as he watches a dog remain staunch on point, while following his escaping quarry with movements of only his eyes and head. This is one distinguishing act of a well broken dog.

A dog is required to be flawlessly steady to wing and shot before attaining the rank of field trial champion. In addition to this, he must exhibit style on point. This simply means that he must do his job not only effectively, but gracefully and with class. Putting this into simpler terms, he must be a goose bump inducer. Also, the dog must be responsive to every command and signal given by his handler. Adding to these other criteria, and often determining the winner, is a dog's way of going. Does he go about his job with zeal and enthusiasm? Does he zip along with his head high and into the wind or low to the ground and oblivious to wind conditions? Is he snappy, or does he plod along with little zest? Believe it or not all these things count, and many of them simply cannot be taught!

Besides the necessity of being steady to wing and shot for field trial performance, there is a great deal of practical value to it. A low flying bird and a high jumping dog chasing after it makes for very dangerous shooting. Some people contend that they want the dog to be there when the bird hits the ground to avoid

losing a cripple. This is sometimes valid, but certainly not worth a dog with a head full of 7-1/2's. Furthermore, if that dog found the bird initially, he should be able to locate it again even if it is crippled. In addition to these other reasons, and perhaps most significant of all, steady to wing and shot is perfection, and in the final analysis, that is what it's all about.

Training to achieve these rigorous requirements must begin sometime, and this is an often asked question. I hope by this time enough insight has been gained into the situation that the answer to this question is apparent. The proper response to this question should be that this is one of those areas where the individual dog must be considered. Some ten-week-old pups, smelling their first quail, will stand more staunchly than a mature dog. Certainly this pup shows more promise, and his training will progress more rapidly. It would follow that one could start serious training as soon as the dog is mature enough to withstand the discipline and still enjoy his work. This is one time where an error in judgment could be very costly. Some trainers wouldn't think of serious training until the dog is at least two years old.

The ability to make this kind of judgment is what distinguishes the pro. In some instances the difference between dogs will be apparent to anyone who can see. When a dog shows interest in birds, he is said to be "birdy." This can manifest itself when puppies chase and flash point butterflies and virtually anything else that flies. Even in these young dogs, a bird will elicit outright exuberance and attentiveness. The other extreme is apparent when a dog, old or young, doesn't really care about birds one way or the other.

A birdy young pup is to be encouraged, but never rushed: another matter of judgment. The best advice for this situation is to take the pup out as often as possible—let him find birds. Judgments relative to serious training don't even begin until the dog's desire to hunt and find birds is allowed to mature.

A really birdy pup has one of the ingredients of a natural bird dog, and trainers agree that this is the best kind to have. This doesn't mean that a dog has to "do it all" without training, but is comparable to some people being natural athletes. Many things about the individual are discernible at this point. For example, what kind of nose does the young dog possess? How much point does he have in him? How far does he chase a bird that he flushes, before he returns to the original spot to further investigate the situation? Answers to these and other questions combine to give the trainer an idea of the dog's natural ability and at what pace the training should progress. The concept of a natural bird dog can best be summed up by saying that a slow comer might well become a fine hunting companion, but it's a good bet that the truly great dog will be a natural.

Let's assume that the necessary judgments have been made and the dog is ready for serious training in the fine points of becoming a bird dog, and the all important

bird-work. All aspects of preparation up to this point have been important in their own right, but it is now that the most opportunities to ruin a good dog present themselves. Once again, example illustrates this. In most cases a dog will need a bit of work before he will staunchly hold a point. To facilitate this a planted bird is used, and the dog is placed on a long check cord. As the trainer and the still-unsure-of-himself dog approach the bird, hopefully the dog will catch scent of the bird. This in turn should guide him towards the spot where the bird has been placed. When the scent becomes strong, which hopefully occurs at a respectful distance from the bird, a point should be established. The check cord is a restraining device to teach the dog to hold the point and not to rush in and "bump" the bird, causing it to fly. If the dog should point briefly and then proceed to go after the bird (this is a likely occurrence), he must be restrained. If the trainer has misjudged the dog's desire and consistently applies too much force at this time, the result might be what's commonly called a "blinker." This term is used to describe a dog who will find a bird and proceed to avoid it for fear of being reprimanded. This is a direct result of poor judgment relative to the individual dog, and it sometimes cannot be corrected. The force applied, in this example, caused the dog to associate a bad experience with finding a bird. This is an example of a dead-end situation, which I mentioned earlier. There are other ways to end up with a blinker, but I think this example is adequately emphatic.

There are no substitutes for experience and judgment in good training. There are, however, other characteristics which a trainer must have. One of these is plain old good sense. All other qualities a trainer might possess are minimized if he does not possess an abundance of good sense with which to temper every judgment. Indeed, a small portion of what a trainer needs to know is to be found in the book. One must always keep in mind the desired results as well as the undesired implications of every training action. In the process of achieving an objective, nothing is gained if you lose ground in another area. A good example of this is when a man decides to begin teaching his dog to retrieve by throwing sticks for him to fetch. This might well produce a dog which unfailingly returns a stick to his trainer in fine style. However, there should be no surprise when that first quail is retrieved and taken from the dog as a pulpy mass of blood, bone, and feathers!

I'd like to close by saying that in spite of the pitfalls and complexities associated with owning and training your own bird dog, it is an experience reserved for those who really know how to get the most out of life. I wish all of you the blessing of living a substantial part of your lives with the companionship, pride, and satisfaction that comes with a real bird dog. I further hope the future doesn't deny you the opportunity to draw a bead on many birds as they fly away from a dog that's steady to wing and shot.

Let's Cook Wild Mushrooms

By MARJORIE LATHAM MASSELIN
Richmond

THE day had rather gotten away from me, and suddenly it was time to feed our Shepherd and to think about feeding us. A nice brisk walk to the grocery was just what I needed to finish me off! Planning ahead is not my long suit, I told myself with a sigh. But at least I could change into more comfortable shoes and cut through the alley.

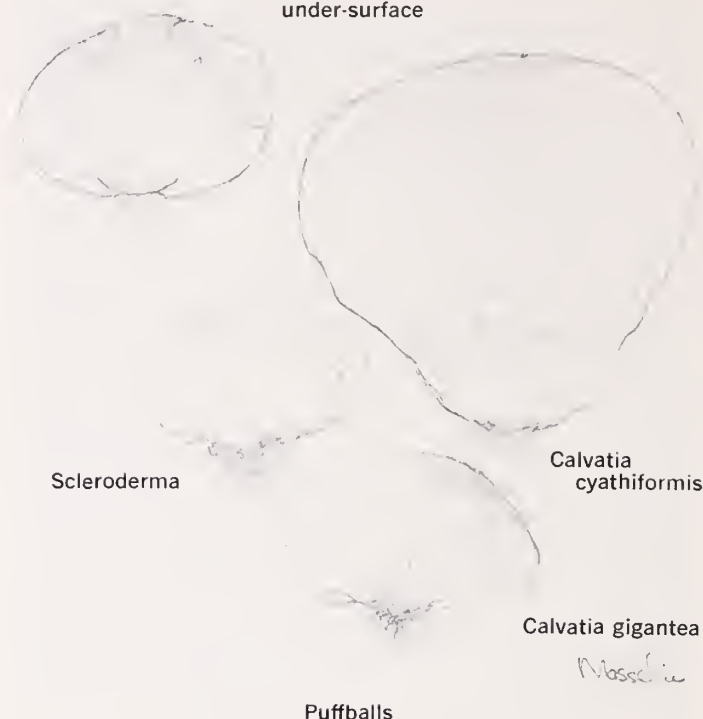
There were still puddles there from the rain the night before, so I stayed on the grassy verge to avoid them, and promptly stubbed my toe. "Damn!" I said glaring down at my adversary which appeared to be a somewhat disreputable looking rubber ball . . . several of them in varying sizes . . . beige to creamy white . . . mostly round, but one was showing the pear-shape that puffballs occasionally have.

"They *couldn't* be puffballs," I said to no one at all. But they had the threadlike roots of a puffball and they were pleasantly firm in my hand. I left them and went on to make my last minute purchases at the store, but I was thinking of those mushrooms all the way, and coming back I looked again. It *was* the right time of year, early autumn—October in fact, and certainly they were in an open, grassy place though hardly the meadow where one usually finds them. I gathered five or six of the best ones and tucked them into my canvas shopping bag.

Once in the house, I made straight for the library and pulled my book on mushrooms from the shelf. It is always nice to have one's opinion confirmed by an expert, especially where wild mushrooms are concerned. They can be treacherous.

The book said nothing to alarm me about my find, so I decided to peel one. Sure enough, that creamy skin lifted off to expose the brain-like, pure white under surface rather like a truffle. I sliced one. The inside was firm and white, exactly as it is supposed to be. Well, now here's a treat! I got out the heavy copper frying pan, put in a generous chunk of butter and let it come to a nice frothy bubble while I minced a shallot. And while that turned golden in the butter at medium low heat, I cleaned and sliced the rest of the puffballs, found a piece of a bottle of left-over Rhine (Mosel is a trifle drier and would have been even better), and added enough flour to the butter to make a *roux*. The wine goes into the pan next to make a pleasantly brownish sauce and the mushrooms are added to simmer in the sauce without any previous cooking in the butter. Puffballs are quite delicate and need very little cooking. They *can* be prepared *sauté*, but 4-5 minutes is ample cooking time. Served on crisp, buttered toast points, the mushrooms in their sauce made a delectable first

Peeling reveals a pure-white, "brain-like" under-surface

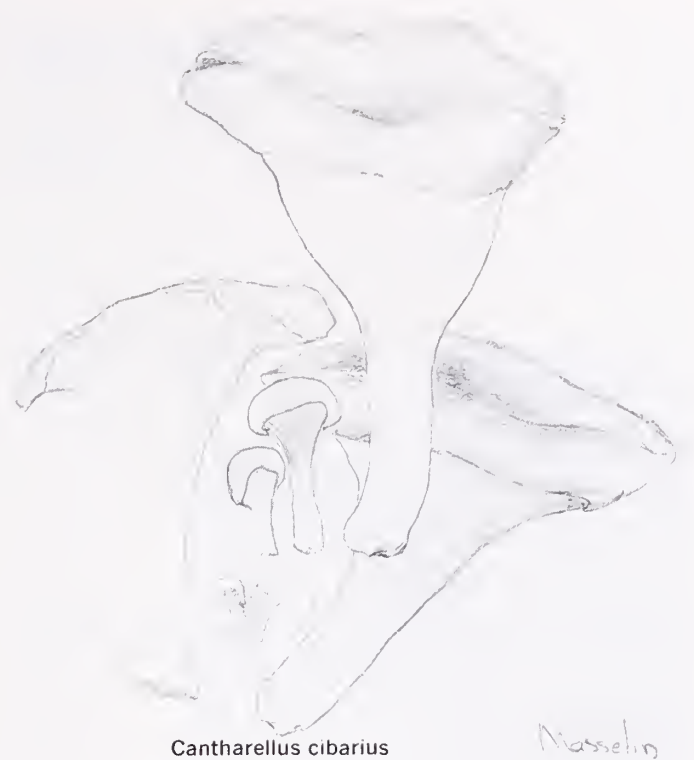
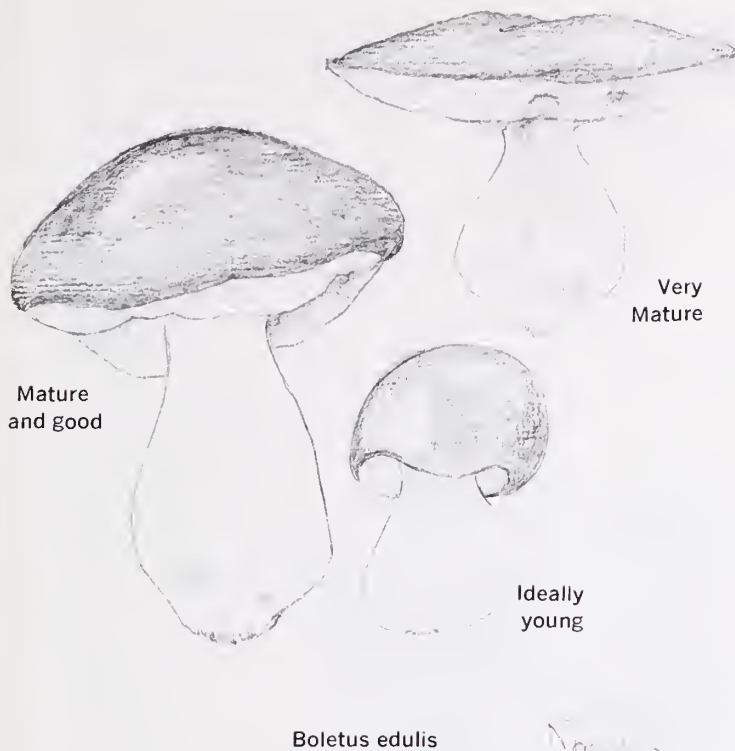


course for what otherwise would have been an extremely mundane dinner.

My luck does not often run this way, and I can never recall seeing puffballs growing in my alley before. Certainly I shall keep a weather eye peeled for them in the future! Very likely they have been sprouting there for years and I never noticed them. On the other hand, it is difficult to overlook a puffball because they are extraordinary as mushrooms go. They do not look at all like the mental picture we all have filed away in our heads. A puffball has no stem and no cap as an ordinary mushroom has. It is perfectly round except for the occasional pear-shaped one. It is attached to the earth by very fine thread-like roots, and when it is young and fresh—the only kind one should eat—they come up with a brisk little snap.

I think I might have noticed them growing this time even if I had not stumbled on them quite so literally as I did, because we had just returned from Switzerland. It was a long delayed visit to call on the family of our son's fiancée, and we had a marvelous time. One of the highlights of our visit had been several real *feasts* of wild mushrooms. So you see, I was still mushroom-minded.

The wild mushrooms we enjoyed at "Le Foulon" were supplied by a friend of the family who makes a hobby of collecting them. He has a perfectly good apartment in town, but now and then he likes to get away from it all, and to do that he has built himself a little chalet, which seemed to me when I climbed to it one evening, *at least* a mile up the mountain! It has absolutely none of the things we call conveniences . . . light comes from candles, heat from a fireplace and water from a pump . . . outside! It is a most charming and pleasant retreat, and I could live "happily ever after" there. Early in the morning, he spends perhaps three



hours on the mountain collecting mushrooms. This is *before* he goes to his office! Then on the way to "work" the gate bell at "Foulon" rings and investigation discovers a whole shopping bag of *chanterelles* or *boules*, whichever happens to be growing in abundance that morning. Each time we had them our son, who is training to be a cook and was on holiday during our visit, was called to the kitchen to make the sauce. It is the recipe I gave you for the puffballs. It can be varied. If you want a really brown sauce, brown the flour and butter before adding the wine. For a creamier sauce, no browning must occur and heavy cream is added at the last minute in addition to the wine. But he seldom uses cream with wild mushrooms; the brown sauce is richer and better and more in keeping with the fresh, earthy flavors.

Both the chanterelle and the boule are found here in the States, but the chanterelle is a bit easier to find. We have found them here in Virginia several times, and they are almost impossible to mistake for anything else. They are golden and shaped like a trumpet. One finds them growing in woods, under hardwoods or conifers, and especially around *stumps* of trees. The season for them is throughout July, August and the early part of September. There is practically no distinction between cap and stem; the one merges into the other—as I said, like a trumpet. The main difficulty with them is their habitat—tree stumps generally get "buggy," and consequently, the mushrooms are too often insect ridden as well. Usually, this happens only to the very mature mushrooms, so do not be discouraged if you see crawling things in the vicinity. You want only the young, firm mushrooms in any case, and careful inspection will give you a good harvest. In German, this mushroom is called *pfefferling*, and this is also a sensible name because the mushrooms have a slightly peppery taste.

In cooking, keep the heat down, because high temperatures make them tough. In general, I think our son's method of cooking the mushrooms in the sauce rather than frying in butter produces a more tender and flavorful result.

The *cep*, or *boule* or *steinpilz* to give it all three names, is also a good wild mushroom for beginners to learn with. Like the chanterelle there is not very much with which to confuse it *if* one sticks to the absolutes and does not think, "well, it's *almost* the right shape . . . has *almost* the right look." Those are famous last words because there is a poisonous species which looks *almost* the same. The edible ceps have (1) a perfectly white bulbous stem with very fine roots attached; (2) a perfectly smooth brown skin on the cap; and (3) instead of gills on the underside of the cap, there are pores like tube ends which give a spongy porous look to it. They grow in pine woods throughout the summer and well into autumn. The most distinguishing characteristic is the stem—*never* pick a cep-like mushroom with a thin stem; it must be very thick and short and bulbous to be the edible type.

All these wild mushrooms are available here in cans as imports. They are *extremely* expensive, and canning does nothing to improve their very delicate flavor. However, if you want to sample first before you search the woods and meadows for the fresh ones, you will find cans of them and packages of dried ones as well, in local gourmet and international food shops.

But the real fun of eating wild mushrooms is in being able to pick them fresh and the joy of eating them, for me at least, comes from both the contact with Nature while gathering them and the realization that in spite of all man's determined efforts to impose total civilization, the best things in life are still *free*; are still the bountiful *gift* of Nature.

ing it impossible to launch a boat much bigger than a 15-footer. There is a good ramp in 500-acre Claytor Lake State Park, where also there is a campground, cottages and marina, but it is a lengthy water haul downstream.

I've heard reports of mayfly hatches below the bridge, and even in the New River downstream from Claytor Dam, but I've never seen them. I'm told that one time the flies were so thick down near the park that people were raking them like leaves and burning them.

(Below) D. C. Crockett pauses to watch Oral Jones as he gives line to scrappy white bass. (Right) Jones whacks a few more flies off foliage with butt of his rod.



The insects, perhaps, were even more attractive and important to the white bass several years back than they are now. Then, the lake lacked large concentrations of forage fish, which normally make up the bulk of what white bass eat. In recent years, state fish biologists have established an alewife population in the lake, and this small, silvery fish is producing a rich and vast food supply for game fish. Studies show that the white bass are averaging about 10 percent larger now that the alewives are available. The abundance of the forage fish may have cut down on the impact of the mayfly hatch, and made angling with flies somewhat more difficult. Still, the past couple of years have pro-

duced some good catches while the hatch was on.

That first time, Crockett and Jones showed us how to get the white bass feeding when a lull came during the mayfly hatch angling. They would simply make a bug run, knocking more flies into the water and starting the whites on another feeding spree. Sometimes Jones wouldn't even take time to grab a paddle. He'd simply beat the foliage with his fly rod. Often gulping the flies right along with white bass will be smallmouth bass, brim and carp. The white bass can be as stubborn as a wise, old native trout at times. It pays to experiment with bug patterns and retrieves.

These handsome, silvery fish, with thin, black lateral



lines running along their broad sides, strike with vigor and fight gallantly. Once you discover a school of them interested in feeding, it is much like finding a tree full of ripe sweet cherries. One leads to another. And when the mayfly hatch is on, you can enjoy some mighty good picking. The flies attract this fine panfish in thickly concentrated schools and lure them to the surface where you can get a crack at them with a fly rod and top water lure. Thus, it combines into one neat package three things I especially enjoy: fishing for white bass, fishing with a fly rod and fishing with a surface lure. That's dog day angling which is impossible to top.

Know Your WARDENS

Text and Photos by F. N. SATTERLEE
Information Officer

ROBERT B. CHENAULT *Amherst County Warden*

Robert B. Chenault, "Bobby," as he is known to his many friends, was born in Essex County, Virginia, and raised on a farm in King and Queen County near Salvia, Virginia. He is an avid hunter and fisherman as was his father before him. Bobby recalls, with affection, the rigid and varied training that he received early in life from his father. The senior Chenault was a hard taskmaster and required his offspring to "prove himself" as being a competent and safety-conscious hunter before he was allowed to go afield with a firearm.

During World War II he served for three years in the U. S. Army, most of the time as Radar Technician with the Coast Artillery in Panama. After the war he returned to Richmond and a job with the phone company. It was there that he met his future wife, the former Shirley Eubank from Amherst County. Bobby applied for and received a position as warden with the Game Commission in November of 1957.

He finds the life of a warden very rewarding. Not only does it enable him to work with wildlife and in the outdoors but also with people and one of the nation's most valuable resources, its youth.

Mr. and Mrs. Chenault have four children, all boys, and they reside at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains on Route 1 in Amherst, Virginia.



WESLEY M. HADEN *Area Leader, Patrick Henry District*

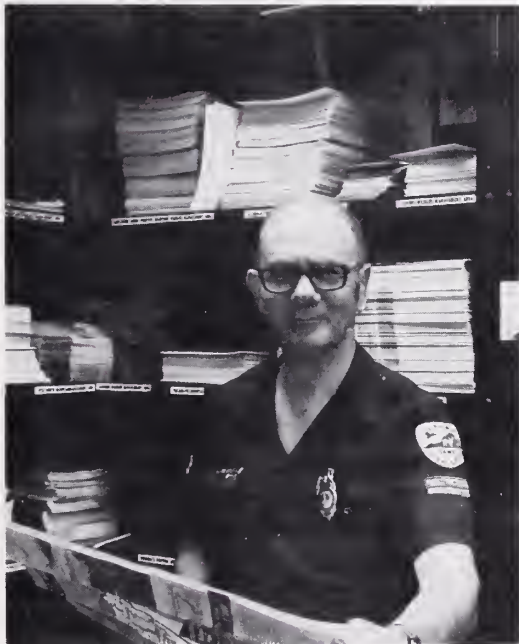
Wesley M. Haden is an area leader game warden in the Patrick Henry District. He was born in Troy, Virginia, and was one of five brothers who grew up on a Fluvanna County farm where his father raised beef cattle.

From early childhood all the brothers received extensive training in appreciation of the outdoors, wildlife and the proper use of firearms. Wesley remembers hunting for years with his father before he and his brothers were given permission to carry and use firearms in the hunt.

On numerous occasions his father was asked to become a game warden in Fluvanna County but declined the offer. In 1936 Wesley applied for the job and was accepted. At that time the wardens were required to furnish their own car and gasoline and were paid the "princely" salary of \$87.00 per month.

In November of 1966 Mr. Haden was promoted to area leader and as such is responsible for the activities of the wardens in Fluvanna, Cumberland, Powhatan and Goochland counties. One of the greatest satisfactions in his work as a warden has been working with people, and protecting the wildlife and fish for the honest sportsman.

He is married to the former Sally Richardson from Fluvanna County; they have one daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Haden live on a twenty-acre farm at Kents Store, Virginia, where Wesley pursues his hobby of raising beef cattle.

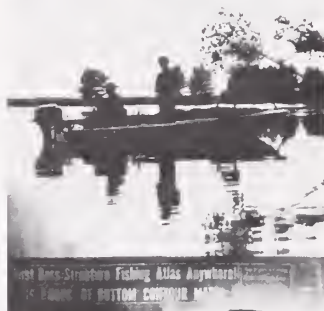




Edited by HARRY GILLAM

**Smith Mountain Lake Structure
Fishing Guide**

**BASS STRUCTURE FISHING
SMITH MOUNTAIN LAKE**



Another first for Alexandria Drafting Company, **BASS STRUCTURE FISHING SMITH MOUNTAIN LAKE** is a veritable gold mine of information for the modern scientific angler.

Featured in this fine freshwater guide are beautiful multicolor contour maps which depict the waters of Smith Mountain and Leesville Lakes and surrounding area. Water depths are clearly indicated by color code and reflect 0-15, 15-35, 35-55, and 55 and over feet to the bottom. Bottom irregularities such as creek and river beds, old roadbeds and bridges, building foundations, hills and valleys, submerged woods and clearings are outlined precisely, and underwater islands show up vividly.

In addition, fishermen will find pages of exciting and informative text including articles by some of the top bass anglers in the country. Knorr Hanson interviews bassmaster Roland Martin and tells about establishing 'bass patterns' on the new mammoth man-made lakes. Bob Cobb, editor of *Bassmaster Magazine*, discusses "Bass Boats, Those Wonderful Fishin' Machines." "Smith Mountain Fishing" is the topic chosen by Bill Cochran of the *Roanoke Virginia Times*, and local bassmaster Larry Compton explores "Structure Bass Fishing." Top fisherman and bait manufacturer Tom Mann gives tips on "Fishing Plastic Worms"; Bob May details the use of the "Spinner Bait."

Additional pages show "How to Use a Depth Finder," and full color illustrations of freshwater game fish round out the 36 page book.

Copies may be obtained at most retail outlets or from the publisher at 417 Clifford Avenue, Alexandria. The cost is \$3.50 postpaid.

Wildlife Survey

About 1200 Virginia residents were asked to help in an important wildlife survey being conducted during April and May under sponsorship of the Southeastern Association of Game and Fish Commissioners, according to Chester F. Phelps, Executive Director of the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries. The survey, designed to evaluate the economic benefits of wildlife resources and determine the need for more wildlife-oriented outdoor recreation, was made for the Southeastern Association by the Environmental Research Group of Georgia State University.

Results of the study will be used in planning to meet wildlife-oriented recreational needs by such agencies as the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, and the U.S. Forest Service which manages over a million and a half acres of wildlife habitat in Virginia.

Survey parties from the University's Research Group made personal contacts with a statistically selected sample of Virginia's population.

**Satterlee Elected Round
Table Chairman**

Game Commission Information Officer Francis N. Satterlee was recently elected chairman of the Washington, D.C., Conservation Round Table, succeeding Don B. Cullimore, Jr., editor of the Izaak Walton League's *Outdoor America* magazine. The Round Table is made up of representatives from government agencies, private foundations, women's groups, and the military who share a common interest in conservation education. They meet monthly in the D.C. area for formal programs and an informal exchange of ideas. Satterlee has been a member of the group for about seven years.

**Kerrick Named to Water Safety
Congress Board**

Virginia Game Commission Safety Officer James N. Kerrick was named to the Board of Directors of the National Water Safety Congress during the group's annual meeting in Dallas, Texas. Kerrick will serve a two-year term on the 12-man board. Kerrick collaborated with President Robert W. Dyke of East Lansing, Michigan, in drafting a set of major goals for the organization. These are (1) establishment of a national water accident statistical service; (2) encouraging states to establish a general water safety enforcement agency; and (3) establishment and promotion of a national water safety education program. The group has begun a quarterly newspaper titled "Water Safety," which is included with a \$5 membership.

**Atlantic Ocean Rising—or
Shore Sinking?**

Scientists from the Commerce Department's National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration report that the sea level from Maine to Virginia has been rising at three times the normal Atlantic rate of one foot every 100 years. The continued upward swing of the water reportedly poses a danger to resorts and industry along the north-east coast.

According to the Department of Commerce, scientists differ as to whether the sea is rising or the land is subsiding, but the practical effect is the same since the water is inundating the land to a greater extent than before. Many reportedly believe it is a combination of both, caused by a number of factors, including the melting of glaciers and the removal from the ground of increasingly large supplies of water and petroleum.

Although precise measurements of ocean rise have only been available since 1893, there is substantial geologic evidence that the oceans have always risen and fallen. Apparently, no one can predict how long the present rise will continue.



Edited by ANN PILCHER



Wildlife Essay Contest Winners Recognized

Essay contest grand prize winners, along with the two scholarship recipients, are pictured in the Senate chamber following awards presentations. Front row, from left: Ute E. Scheider-ski, 6th gr., Ferry Farm Elementary, Fredericksburg; Marceline R. Sours (5th), Springfield Elementary, Rileyville; Wendy A. Leavens (8th), James Fenimore Cooper Intermediate School, McLean; and Barbara L. Thornton (12th), Menchville High, Newport News. Back row: Lee Stocks (7th), Cave Springs Intermediate, Roanoke; Drema Mae Plybon (11th), Franklin County High, Rocky Mount; Robert Tobe Smith, Jr. (12th—\$1000 scholarship), Patrick County High, Stuart; Brenda Sue Higgins (12th—\$400 scholarship), Carroll Co. High, Hillsville; Angela E. Gilliam (10th), Pennington High, Pennington Gap; and John Dick (9th), Williamsburg Jr. High, Arlington.

Commission photos
by Satterlee

Winners in the state-wide 25th Annual Wildlife Essay Contest were honored April 21 during ceremonies held in the State Capitol in Richmond. More than 11,000 essays were submitted in competition for the \$3600 in prizes offered in the contest sponsored jointly by the Virginia Division of the Izaak Walton League of America and the Virginia Game Commission.

Subject of this silver anniversary contest was "How Wildlife Conservation Needs Can Be Met In My Community."

Guest speaker for the occasion was the Commonwealth's Lieutenant Governor, Henry E. Howell, Jr. Also attending were Samuel P. Mason, president, Virginia Division of the Izaak Walton League of America; J. Robert Hicks, Jr., IWLA State Conservation Chairman; and James F. McInter, Jr., *Virginia Wildlife* editor.

Grand prize (\$50) winners from each of the school grades (5-12) eligible to enter the contest, as well as the two scholarship winners, are pictured and identified on this page. Twenty-seven schools (principals listed) achieved 100% participation by eligible students and earned awards of \$15:

St. Rita Elementary, Alexandria (Sister Catherine Rosarii, Principal); *Callaghan Elementary*, Covington (R. Lynn Graham);

Central Elementary, Low Moor, Alleghany Co. (Williams S. Hodges); *Millboro Elementary*, Bath Co. (Richard B. Linkenhoker); *Bland High and Elementary*, Bland (Ralph R. Reynolds); *Gladesboro Elementary*, Hillsville (Mrs. Ninevah J. Willis); *Vaughan Intermediate*, Fries, Carroll Co. (Lewis F. Fender); *Boyce Elementary*, Clarke Co. (D. W. Naff, Jr.); *Fairfax Villa Elementary*, Fairfax (Miss Maxine E. Proctor); *Stonewall Elementary*, Clear Brook, Frederick Co. (S. Roger Koontz); *Willis Elementary*, Floyd Co. (Rollie T. Phillips); *Fairview Elementary*, Galax (Warren Reavis); *Buckroe Jr. High*, Hampton (Darrell F. Hudson); *Jonesville Elementary*, Lee Co. (Jack Richmond); *Wilton Elementary*, Hartfield, Middlesex Co. (James C. Diggs); *Sacred Heart School*, Danville (Sister Miriam Denise Corcoran); *W. E. Waters Jr. High*, Portsmouth (Vernon L. Randall); *Fort Lewis Elementary*, Salem (Fred Dixon); *W. H. Keister Elementary*, Harrisonburg (Robert E. Horst); *Swords Creek Elementary*, Russell Co. (Sam G. Howard); *Spotswood Elementary*, Fredericksburg (Roy B. Hill); *Richlands Elementary*, Tazewell (Joseph W. Toates); *Star of the Sea School*, Virginia Beach (Sister Marie Eloise); *Abingdon High*, Washington Co. (Clyde Pigman); *Hayter's Gap Elementary*, Abingdon (Mrs. Thelma Henderson); *Highland View Elementary*, Bristol (Lester Hall); *Holston High*, Damascus, Washington Co. (Ralph P. Cox).

Awards Day ceremonies included an early morning tour of the Capitol, presentation of awards in the Senate Chamber, bus tour of spots such as the

new Richmond Coliseum, John Marshall and Edgar Allen Poe homes, Confederate and Valentine Museums, St. John's Episcopal Church where Patrick Henry flung his "liberty or death" challenge to the colonies in 1775, and Gamble's Hill, where a cross represents the westernmost point of James River travel by such settlers as Christopher Newport and John Smith.

The day's activities were climaxed with a catered picnic at the 240 acre Izaak Walton Park, owned and managed by the Richmond Chapter IWLA and located off Route 60 one and one-half miles southeast of Midlothian in Chesterfield County. During lunch, autumn olive seedlings were presented to the winners by Contest Coordinator F. N. Satterlee, Game Commission Information Officer, through the courtesy of the Virginia Division of Forestry. Afterwards, IWL members Stephen Battilana and L. W. Hobgood, Jr., presented a skeet shooting demonstration at one of the park's five skeet fields. Besides financially supporting the contest, the League—through its local chapters—does the large task of preliminary judging of essay entries.

The Honorable Henry E. Howell, Jr., congratulates \$1000 scholarship winner Robert Tobe Smith, Jr., of Patrick County High in Stuart. To Mr. Howell's left is H. L. Gillam of the Game Commission's Education Division; behind him, W. L. Flory, Game Warden Association president who presented the Association's engraved trophy award to Smith.





Edited by JIM KERRICK

National Safe Boating Week, 1972

By the President of the United States of America

A Proclamation

Boating on our Nation's waterways has become a source of recreational pleasure for a rapidly increasing number of Americans. Increased use means more enjoyment for more people, but it carries with it an increased responsibility as well. Those who use our waterways must take greater care to observe the rules of good seamanship and of boating safety.

To focus national attention on the need for safe boating practices, the Congress, by a joint resolution approved June 4, 1958 (72 Stat. 179), requested the President to proclaim annually the week which includes July 4 as National Safe Boating Week.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, RICHARD NIXON, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate the week beginning July 2, 1972, as National Safe Boating Week.

Many boating tragedies could be avoided through education and common sense. I urge all Americans who use our waterways to take advantage of the numerous boating safety courses offered by governmental and private organizations, such as the United States Coast Guard, the Coast Guard Auxiliary, the United States Power Squadrons, the American Red Cross, and various State agencies.

Last August I signed into law the Federal Boat Safety Act of 1971, designed to improve boating safety and to encourage State participation in boating safety efforts. I invite the Governors of the States, the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Guam, and American Samoa, and the Commissioner of the District of Columbia to cooperate in implementing that act, and in providing for the observance of National Safe Boating Week.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this fifth day of February, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred seventy-two, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred ninety-sixth.

Many Organizations Offer Boating Courses

When someone scratches the surface of a concept, we say he "has touched the tip of an iceberg."

When an enthusiastic newcomer to boating purchases his first boat, whether sail or power, he has just begun a new and exciting life. Hopefully, he won't run into any icebergs, but he has opened up a new world and one which he is going to learn all about in due time.

There are a number of organizations, schools and groups offering courses in boating beginning with the basics and ending with the more intricate phases of the sport. One national organization concerned with the education of new boaters is the United States Power Squadrons, which has its headquarters in Montvale, New Jersey. This group of boat owners conducts free boating instruction classes in many waterfront communities throughout the country twice a year.

For information, you can write the United States Power Squadrons, 50 Craig Road, Montvale, N. J., 07645, or call toll free 800-243-6000. Course information can also be obtained from boat sections of magazines and newspapers.

Another group offering free classes is the Coast Guard Auxiliary, which has compiled a curriculum of boat handling and related subjects. Main U.S.C.G.A. information offices are located in Coast Guard headquarters in Boston, St. Louis, New York, Norfolk (Va.), Miami, Cleveland, Long Beach (Calif.), San Francisco, Seattle and Honolulu.

Add to these, adult education classes in local high schools and schools listed by the American Sailing Council of the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers (NAEBM), 537 Steamboat Road, Greenwich, Conn., 06830, and the list grows longer and longer.

Bird of the Month

By JOHN W. TAYLOR

Edgewater, Maryland

THE little bank swallow, drab of color, retiring of habit and nowhere common, is worthy still of a special distinction. It is the only songbird known to range, with so little variation, throughout Europe, Asia and North America.

It is also the only one of the swallows which has not learned to make use of nesting sites provided by man. All other swallows will either use nesting boxes, or build in barns, on eaves or against the walls of buildings.

Its specialized nesting requirements are doubtless the reason for its spotty distribution. This species burrows into the sand of river banks, or the vertical sides of sand and gravel pits, and, because it is a colonial nester, the site must be extensive enough to accommodate at least a dozen pairs. Rarely does one discover a smaller colony.

The birds return annually to large, well-established colonies, sometimes using the same burrows over again. If the old excavations are damaged, or otherwise uninhabitable, new ones are bored. The tunnels vary in length; sometimes they are but a few inches deep, and the incubating bird is plainly visible from the outside. Usually it is deeper, and there may be three or four feet from the entrance to the nesting chamber. It is probable that the birds form the chamber whenever they meet an obstruction. Unlike the kingfisher, which lays its eggs in similar burrows on the bare earth, the swallow constructs a soft nest of grasses. That they are able to dig at all is remarkable, considering the small, weak feet that swallows have. The earth is loosened by the bill, then scratched out by the tiny feet. When they are too far in to scratch it out, it is carried in the bill.

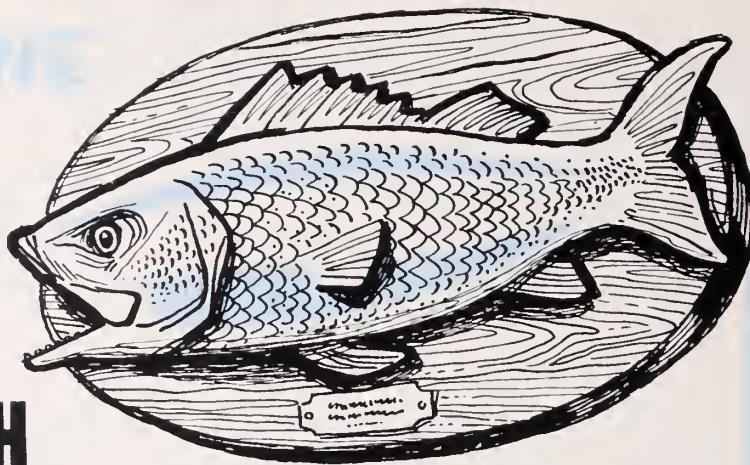
The bank swallow is likely to be confused with the rough-winged swallow, which is now the more common of the two in Virginia (a century ago, the situation was reversed). Both species are brown-backed and light-breasted, but the bank swallow has a distinct band across the upper breast; the rough-wing's underparts are unmarked white, fading to a dingy color about the throat. The rough-wing will also nest in sand banks, but is not restricted to them, and will use any crevice or cranny that is available.



The Bank Swallow

ALWAYS REMEMBER
THAT BIG ONE

with a VIRGINIA WILDLIFE TROPHY FISH CITATION . . .



1972-73 CITATION SIZES

| | |
|----------------------------|---------|
| Largemouth Bass... | 8 lbs. |
| Smallmouth Bass... | 4 lbs. |
| Kentucky Bass... | 3 lbs. |
| Sunfish | 1 lb. |
| Rack Bass... | 1 lb. |
| White Bass... | 2 lbs. |
| White Perch... | 1 lb. |
| Crappie | 2½ lbs. |
| Striped Bass... | 10 lbs. |
| Pickereel | 4 lbs. |
| Walleye | 8 lbs. |
| Yellow (ring) Perch | 1 lb. |
| Braak or Brown Trout | 1 lb. |
| Other Trout | 5 lbs. |
| Muskellunge | 6 lbs. |
| Northern Pike... | 6 lbs. |
| Channel Cat | 10 lbs. |
| Flathead Cat... | 20 lbs. |
| Carp | 20 lbs. |
| Gar | 10 lbs. |
| Grindle | 10 lbs. |
| Caha Salmon | 3 lbs. |

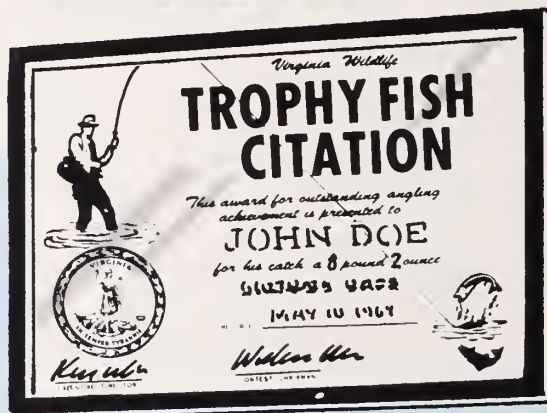
Fish must be caught in Virginia Waters by legal methods during seasons open for the taking of the species involved.

Fish must be weighed at a public scales that is periodically inspected by the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Photographs are desirable as further proof of authenticity but are not required.

Non-residents as well as residents are eligible for citations if fish are caught under the above conditions.

Applications must be submitted within 60 days of the date of catch to be eligible.



APPLICATION FOR VIRGINIA FRESHWATER FISH CITATION

Angler's Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Kind of fish _____ Weight _____ lbs. _____ oz.; Length _____ inches
 Where caught _____ Date caught _____
 Weighed at _____ (store or other public scales)
 Weighing witnessed by _____
 Signature _____ Address _____
 How caught—Fly Rod ☐ Spinning Rod ☐ Casting Rod ☐
 Trot Line ☐ Other _____

COMMISSION OF GAME AND INLAND FISHERIES

P. O. BOX 11104 • RICHMOND, VIRGINIA 23230



HOW TO
MEASURE:

